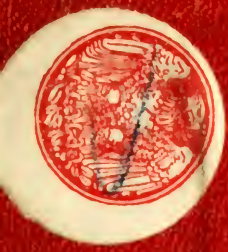


PS
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POEMS FROM THE HEART



Class PS 3505

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P - O - E - M - S

From the Heart



By NANNIE S. CLIFFORD

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MAY -5 1919

no 1

TO MY DARLING MOTHER

Mother, dear, I long to be with you today,
My tho'ts are all of you tho' far away.
How I long to see thy patient loving face,
And to feel thy precious arms my neck embrace.
How I love thee, oh, I cannot tell—
Thy dear voice is sweeter than e'er fell
On my ears from any other tongue,
And I long more like thee to become.

Ah! Thy dear hands are far more beautiful to me
Than any other hands I e'er shall see;
And thy precious face is far more fair,
'Tho' 'tis furrowed now, and aged with care.
Darling mother, may thy years be many yet;
I've caused thee much care, which I regret
From the deepest fathoms of my heart.
Now the hot tears from my lashes start,

As I think of all thy tender care
For thy child, and now thy greying hair
Speaks to me that thou art growing old;
But thy love is far better than gold.
Mother—'Tis the sweetest name I can speak,
Save the name of Him who keeps my feet

In the way which thou wouldst have them go,
And who taught me to love mother so.

Mother, dear, it almost breaks my heart
When I think some day we must part;
But then, oh then, 'twill all be well,
For soon with Jesus and the loved ones we shall dwell.
Then I'll never, never leave thee again,
And we'll have no more sorrow nor pain.
Then thy loving arms shall me embrace,
And we'll meet Christ, our Savior, face to face.

NEARER TO THEE

Nearer to Thee, my Savior,
Each day I long to be,
More like my blessed Redeemer,
By faith I cling to Thee.
Thou art my Rock of Refuge,
Oh, keep me near Thy side!
When the billows surround me,
Let me in Thee abide.

Nearer to Thee, my Savior,
Stronger in faith let me grow;
Thou my Sheltering Tower,
My heart rejoiceth to know
Thou wilt never forsake me,
E'en tho' I wander from Thee,
Thou who didst love me so freely
To die on Calvary.

Nearer to Thee, my Savior,
Closer to Thee let me cling,
Till I behold Thee in glory,
My Savior, Redeemer and King.
Safe on Thy loving bosom,
There I shall sweetly rest,
And through eternal ages
Forever I shall be blest.

MY SHEPHERD

The Lord my Shepherd daily is,
No want I e'er shall know;
In pastures green He lets me feed,
Still waters near me flow.
In righteous paths He leadeth me,
My soul He doth restore;
Yea, through the valley dark I walk,
Thou wilt guide me evermore.
Thy rod and staff comfort me,
A table Thou dost prepare;
In the presence of mine enemies,
Thou anointest my head in prayer.
My cup of joy overflows,
Thy mercy naught can sever,
Thy goodness lets me dwell with Thee
Forever and forever.

MY REFUGE

God is my refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Ps. 46:1.

Thou art my Refuge,
My Savior so dear;
In Thee I'm trusting,
No harm shall I fear.

'Tho the storm rages,
And billows beat wild,
Still I can trust Thee,
I know I'm thy child.

When I am tempted,
And sorely am tried,
Still I'm rejoicing,
For Thou art my Guide.

E'en though afflictions
My life may shake,
Thou art my Keeper,
And to Thee I may take

All my heart's longings,
And bitterest grief,

POEMS FROM THE HEART

Heaviest of burdens,
And find sweet relief.

Thou art my Comforter,
In hours of pain,
Greatest of Physicians,
Who can heal me again.

Hours of darkness
Are made, oh, so bright,
By trusting in Thee,
My Great Shining Light.

Help me, Dear Father,
Keep close to Thee,
Growing more perfect,
'Till Thy face I shall see.

LIFE'S LESSONS

Life's sweetest lessons seem so hard to learn ;
But things that are hardest here to bear
Reap fruits that are the rarest and the best,
And perhaps cost many a bitter tear.
But all is well if thou dost only know
Him, who doth thy burdens always view
Because of many failures thou hast made,
He sent down from heaven to you.

If thro' affliction's valley thou must go,
And many pains thy body must endure,
Then cheerfully bear each sorrow for His sake.
Think of the sufferings of His life so pure ;
Some thorns thy rose-strewn path must pierce,
To draw thee nearer to thy Savior's side.
But bravely bear thy cross unto the end,
Until thou shalt in peace with Him abide.

WHY ART THOU SAD?

Why art thou cast down, down, oh, my soul?

Why not trust all to the Lord?

He hath not thee forsaken,

But will keep His promised word.

Why dost thou see only the shadows?

Surely there is some ray of light;

If thou wilt look upward, not downward,

And walk by faith, not by sight.

E'en tho' the way does seem lonely,

And storm clouds roll round you each day,

Trust all to the Heavenly Father,

He's willing to lead all the way.

Why stand gazing into the darkness?

The sun hath not ceased its shining.

E'en tho' the clouds do look black,

Each one has a bright silver lining.

Then why not take all to the Helper—

The disappointments, worry, and regret?

He's longing to comfort and help you;

He's never failed you yet.

Some clouds must darken the pathway;

God's sending disappointments to thee,

Because in His infinite wisdom,
Thy future He can plainly see.

Perhaps the things thou dost long for
Are not the best things for you;
And really what seems stern reproof,
Is God's love for you most true.
So be content with God's way;
'Tis surely the best plan for thee,
And after life's lessons are ended,
Thou wilt clearly understand and see.

HOLD THOU MY HAND

Hold Thou my hand, dear Lord;
I am so weak and helpless—
Hold Thou my hand.
I must be near Thy side,
For without Thee I am so apt to wander—
Oh, blessed Lord, wilt Thou with me abide.

Hold Thou my hand, dear Lord;
I need Thy loving presence—
Father, oh take my hand.
I need Thee every hour
To keep my wayward feet from straying,
And draw me from the tempter's power.

Hold Thou my hand, dear Lord;
For I am poor and needy—
Hold Thou my hand.
My soul is sore afraid;
I dare not take one step without Thee,
I know Thou wilt ever give me aid.

Hold Thou my hand, dear Lord;
I trust Thee for Thy promise.
I could not live—

Without Thee as my Friend.
All earthly friends may fail and leave me,
But Thou wilt keep my soul unto the end.

Hold Thou my hand, dear Lord;
So oft the way seems lonely—
O, clasp my hand,
For friends seem far away.
I need Thy love so pure, warm and tender
To lead me on from day to day.

Hold Thou my hand, my Lord,
And keep my feet from falling—
Hold Thou my hand.
By faith I cling to Thee;
O wilt Thou gently lead me Savior,
And keep me 'till all earthly shadows flee.

TODAY'S RESOLUTIONS

Resolved—

To walk the straight and narrow way,
To do Thy will every day;
To go to Thee in secret prayer,
And leave our heavy burdens there;
To ponder o'er Thy precious Word,
To strive to be like our Lord;
To seek Thy presence every hour,
And resist daily the Tempter's power;
To live a happy Christian life,
Thus rise above sin and strife;
To lead the lost unto Thee,
That their lives may happy be;
To love and trust thee more and more,
And tell the story o'er and o'er;
To those who know not Thy love,
That they may worship our King above.
Help us to be faithful, sincere, and true
Every day in all we do.

THE END OF THE WAY

Drooping, weary and tired of the fray,
In the busy pathway of life,
I gladly turn my gaze away
From the noise of battle and strife.
When the day is o'er, in evening glow,
To seek my Keeper and Guide,
'Tis a joy only a Christian knows,
To sit near the Master's side.
So worn when the toil of the day is o'er,
Oft times I'm ill at ease,
What a joy to feel God understands,
In Him I find sweet peace!

Trusting I sink on my pillow to rest,
As a babe on mother's dear arm;
I knew she would tenderly care for me
And keep me from all harm.
So I know when I lean on Jesus,
And trust in Him each day,
The toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

PRAYER

For a moment in the morning,
Kneel alone with God in prayer;
E're the day begins its trials,
Cast on Him your every care.
When your heart is heavy laden,
And the storm clouds near you roll,
Cling to Christ, the loving Savior,
The sweet Refuge of the soul.

Tho' temptations round you gather,
Go to God in secret prayer;
Trust in Him and He will help you
To escape the Tempter's snare.
Spend a quiet hour with Jesus
When the long day's cares are o'er;
Thank Him for the tender mercy,
For the burdens that He bore.

Just to walk so close to Jesus,
We may hear His sweet command;
Life is ever full of gladness,
'Tis a song so sweet and grand.
Oh, to live a life with Jesus,
'Tis the happiest life to live,
Just to ever love and trust Him,
And each moment to Him give.

MY MORNING PRAYER

Father, in the early morning,
When I wake from peaceful sleep,
E're I go about my duties,
I must first Thy blessing seek.
I dare not begin the day, Lord,
'Till I've gone alone to pray
Unto Thee to watch and keep me
Through the trials of the day.

Oh, I cannot meet the world
'Till I've sought Thy loving face,
Asked for help to bear each burden
And to give me strength and grace.
To withstand sin's mighty power,
Just for today—hear Thou my plea;
But at the opening of each day,
Still this my prayer shall be.

AN EVENING PRAYER

Father at this twilight hour,
May I feel Thy Spirit near,
As I humbly kneel before Thee,
Unto Thee I breathe this prayer.

Take me to Thy bosom, Father.
Wilt thou clasp my hand in Thine?
Tarry with me, oh, my Savior,
Teach me of Thy will divine.

Lord, I thank Thee for the blessings
Which attended me today;
For Thy tender care and mercy
And the sunshine all the way.

For Thy love, and kind protection
So unworthy I have been;
Gentle Savior, hear my pleading,
O, cleanse Thou my heart from sin.

Jesus, I'm so weak and sinful,
Much I need Thy tender care;
Oft I wander from Thy pathway,
But Thou dost my sorrows share.

Make me Thine, oh loving Shepherd,
I would, O Lord of service be,
Help me rest upon Thy promise,
"I will never forsake thee."

Lord I love Thee as none other,
For Thou suffered for my sin;
Oh, I long to be more like Thee,
For Jessu' sake—Amen.

MY NEED

Jesus, I have need of Thee,
Of Thy love so full and free;
May each sinful thought depart,
Come and enter in my heart.

I am sinful, full of guilt,
But for me Thy blood was spilt.
Thou hast promised to receive,
All who in Thy name believe.

I believe, Lord, 'twas for me
Thou didst die on Calvary.
Oh, receive me as I am,
Thou dear Shepherd of the Lamb.

CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS

*He was wounded for our transgressions;
He was bruised for our iniquities (Isa. 53.5).*

He was wounded for our sins,
And nailed to the cruel cross
That we might have life thro' Him,
Tho' at a tremendous cost.
All we have gone astray,
As wandering sheep from the fold,
Out in the night so dark,
Out in the mountain so cold.

He was oppressed and afflicted,
But He uttered not a word;
He bore all this for us,
Christ Jesus, our dear Lord.
So greatly He was despised,
And rejected of cruel men,
Yet it pleased God to give Him
An offering for our sin.

He bore the sin of many,
And is our Rock and Shield,
He made intercession for us,

And by His stripes we are healed.
Can't I do something for him?
He's done so much for me,
Am I not willing to follow Him,
When He died on Calvary?

Am I not willing to speak
To others of His great love;
How He is ever near us,
If we believe in Him above?
Lord help me to serve Thee better,
To consecrate all to Thee,
To go where Thou wouldst have me go,
To be what thou wouldst have me be.

JESUS KNOWS

Sad today, I am, and weary
With the burdens I must bear.
Is there no one who can help me,
Is there no one who does care?
Cares enough to really help me
Bear this awful weight of woe;
Just to speak a word of comfort,
To cheer me as I onward go?

Ah! the darkness gathers round me,
And no earthly help is nigh;
Where, then where, may I find comfort?
Im's so weary—must I die?
No—I hear a voice so heavenly,
And a ray of light I see;
'Tis my Savior sweetly calling,
Weary child, come unto me.

I know all about your struggles,
And how oft your heart does ache,
But remember I have promised
I will never thee forsake.
Fear not, for I will uphold thee,
Only trust me as your Guide;

I am longing to give thee comfort,
Only in my love abide.

Oh! dear Jesus, was I doubting;
Was it this that made me sad?
I know Thou hast redeemed me,
And Thy presence makes me glad.
I will live to Thee more closely,
Then I need not grope alone
In the dark and gloomy hours,
For I know Thou art my own.

REPENTANCE

Forgive them, Lord, at set of sun,
The evil deeds that we have done
Against Thy will, so dear and sweet;
We bow, dear Savior, at Thy feet,
In humble way, just to repent
Of flying moments we've misspent
In idleness and foolish thought
That afterwards have heartaches brought.
Help us, dear Jesus, to walk the way
That leads to life and endless day.
Dear Savior, we desire to be
More and more each day like Thee;
That when Thy blessed voice we hear,
We then shall enter the mansions fair
With Him who died upon the cross,
And saved our souls at such great cost.

TO A WHITE ROSE

As I gaze on Thy snow white petals,
 Emblem of purity, so fair and white,
I long for a heart as pure as thou,
 A life as clean and bright.
Thou art so pure and lovely,
 No scar mars thy beautiful form;
For thy fragrance and beauty
 Thou art loved by every one.

Oh! if my heart were pure as thou,
 E'en if I lived but one day,
I would not feel a sorrow for sin,
 And I should be happy alway.
Oh, beautiful rose, how I love thee!
 Thou art a treasure so rare
Of God's own wonderful handiwork,
 And I'm a child of His care.

But I meet many temptations,
 And always have battles to fight,
Still I've a mission somewhere to fill
 As well as thou—oh, rose so white.
So He who formed thy white petals,
 Out of the sun and dew,
Can a clean heart in me create,
 And keep me pure and true.

CHEER UP, CHEER UP

Above my window, perched high on a limb,
A little brown bird is singing to me;
His little throat swells, as loudly he sings,
And this is the song I hear from the tree:

Oh, why be so sad on a day like this,
For "What is so rare as a day in June"?
All the world should be blithe and gay,
Everything in merriest tune.

Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, cheer up!
Oh, come, join me in my song.
Arise, dispel all gloomy thoughts,
And help cheer the world along!

O, songster, you're sweetly filling your place,
I've learned a lesson from you;
Tho' the world seems drear, I'll be happy,
And sing praises to my Maker, too.

MEMORIES

Oh, for childhood's fleeting hours,
When we played at mother's knee,
Gay as the birds in springtime,
My dear little brother and me.
Oh, time, turn back to childhood,
To the days we loved so dear,
When we knew no trials nor sorrows,
And our own hearts were free from care.

How I love the bright springtime,
With its song birds and sweet flowers,
For it brings to memory thoughts
Of roamings in sunny bowers,
Searching for nodding daisies
In the meadows deep and wide,
Or for the violet's shady nook,
By the clear brook's mossy side.

I once had a little brother,
The very pride of our home,
Whom we thought the best and dearest
The sun ever shone upon.
We two were playmates together,
This darling baby brother;

The little dainties one had,
We shared with one another.

Those happy fleeting hours,
Vanished as on swift wing,
Then an angel came to earth,
One beautiful day in spring,
Bore our treasure silently
Away to the Heavenly land,
To live with God forever
In a mansion fair and grand.

* * * * *

So among memory's pictures,
That are cherished among the rest,
The one of childhood's hours,
Seemeth to me the best.

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

The day was done and the terrible fight
Of the long, long day was o'er.
A group of soldiers jesting sat
Around the camp-fire low,
To while the time and ease the pain,
Some enjoying a rude joke.
But off to himself a young man sat,
And finally gravely spoke.

"Come, boys," he cried, "enough of this;
If your wives and mothers dear
Were seated round this camp-fire now,
Would they such stories hear?
Some way, I'm sad and lonely tonight,
For something to soothe this pain;
I would give the world, if it were mine,
To see my dear mother again.
And my darling baby Billy,
With eyes so blue and bright;
'Tis for them that I am here, lads,
Engaged in this big fight."

"Now, listen to that—he's a sissy boy,"
Spoke one gruff voice, so loud;

"We don't want no silly talk
In this big jolly crowd."
"Hush, hush," the kindly Captain spoke,
"I agree with this dear boy;
If I could see my sweetheart, true,
It would give me greatest joy."

"Come, give us a song to help us,
E're we lie down to sleep,"
Another manly fellow said,
"Of Jesus' name, so sweet.
I heard you whistling such an air;
So come—give us a tune.
We all should be found trusting,
For we may meet Him soon."

Then the night was filled with music,
And a silence o'er them came,
As there arose on the still air
The strains of "Blessed Be His Name."
Such words have power to quiet
The rude and jesting, gruff,
And the hymn of that evening
Proved to be quite enough
To start the careless thinking;
They, too, joined in the song,
And every man was weeping
As if a child—'ere long.

The tender song was ended—
'Twas the Corporal now to speak:
“Before we on our blankets lie,
May we God’s blessing seek.”
Each head was bowed in a moment,
And each breathed a prayer
For God’s care and protection,
’Till the meeting “Over There.”

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

In a grand and stately mansion,
In a country far away,
Lived a colonel and his household,
Near a bright and sparkling bay.

'Twas a bleak November evening;
The wind was blowing cold,
And the rain fell in torrents,
While the clouds in fury rolled.

They were seated near the fireside—
This little band of three—
When the colonel's tiny daughter
Gently crept upon his knee.

Oft she sat in this position,
Telling of her tender love,
Till the colonel thought her fairer
Than the angels up above.

Tonight she talked so joyfully,
And her pretty eyes, so blue,
Danced with rapture as she asked him,
"Does 'ou know Desus died for 'ou?"

“ ’Ou ’oves Him, don’t ’ou, papa?
’Ou know Dod tares for ’ou.
Why, don’t shake your head so,
’Ou ’oves Dod, ’tourse ’ou do.”

She continued in her pleading
Till his head began to ache,
And he felt so very strange,
It seemed his heart would break.

“Mama says ’ou don’t ’ove Jesus,
But I just know ’ou do—
Don’t ’ou, papa?—and if ’ou’s dood
’Ou’ll go to heaven, too.

“And be with Dod in glory,
And all the angels fair—
Oh, it’s so beau’ful in heaven—
Don’t ’ou want to go up there?”

Now he could not bear it longer,
So he pushed her from his side.
“Well, Dod ’oves ’ou, anyway,”
Thus the baby voice cried.

* * * * *

On a heavy, sleepless pillow,
Back and forward thus he tossed,

All night long in perfect terror,
For he knew that he was lost.

Lost from God and all his kindred:
He knew if he should die
He would never meet his darling,
Nor dwell with God on High.

* * * * *

In the rosy tints of morning,
When he rose he found his child
In such agony of body,
She was almost raving wild.

How this added to his sorrow,
God alone can ever know,
For he thought of how he sent her
From his side the night before.

How he sternly pushed her from him,
As he heard her sweetly say,
"If 'ou don't 'ove Dod, papa,
He 'oves 'ou, anyway."

Days passed—still she lingered
In such state of agony,
They wondered when their darling
Would from suffering be free.

As they watched at her bedside,
Day by day, hour by hour,
They realized naught could save her
But God's mercy and His power.

'Twas the day before Christmas—
Ah! The end seemed drawing near—
And they felt they could not see the dawn
Without their little one, so dear.

Thus the father sadly watched her;
Then he fell upon his knees.
There he promised to serve Jesus,
If He spared them their Louise.

From that hour the tide was turned,
For the Rubicon had been past,
But they now felt assured
That all danger had passed.

The next morning dawned brightly—
'Twas an ideal day;
Ne'er was the colonel so happy,
As on this glad Christmas Day.

So the rich man and his family
Offered thanks for all the year,

That he now loved Jesus,
And were spared their darling, dear.

'Twas the happiest Christmas—
So peaceful, yet so grand;
Thus a little child shall lead them
In the way that God has planned.

SILVER CLOUDS

'Twas on a dark and stormy night,
Black clouds o'erspread the sky;
The thunder rolled, the rain fell fast,
And the wind was raging high.
A weary traveler, who homeward trod,
Was lost within the wood;
He could not see one pace ahead,
And call for help would do no good.

So he sat down upon a rock,
And thought, "I'll cease repining.
'Tho' the wind is high, the cloud's are black,
Behind them the moon is shining."
The storm passed o'er, the moon and stars
Shone forth in brightest ray;
The traveler rose with a glad heart
And hastened on his way.

E'en so it is in the pathway of life,
'Tho' the clouds seem very near,
If we brave the storm with a cheerful heart,
The fury will soon disappear.
Let us lay aside each heavy load,
And cease our sad repining;
Just remember that God still reigns above,
And soon the sun will be shining.

DO GOOD AND BE GOOD

If we only could remember
To give a smile each day
To those whom we meet,
As we go on our busy way,
Each heart would be brighter,
By having done a deed
Of sweetest love and kindness,
To cheer a soul in need.

If we only could remember
To do to others as we would
Have them do unto us,
And just be kind and good,
Each day would be happier,
Each life so full of song.
Let's scatter smiles and sunshine—
'Twill cheer someone along.

ROCK OF AGES

Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the tempest still is high.
Let me feel that I may rest
Peacefully on Thy gentle breast.
Help me go to Thee in prayer,
Cast on Thee my every care.
Rock of Ages, this my plea,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Let the water and Thy blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Cleanse and keep me from all sin—
Keep me from the battle's din.
May I trust Thee thro' the night,
Love Thee when the sun shines bright.
Jesus Lover of my soul,
Keep me while the waters roll;
'Till the darkness all is past,
Then receive my soul at last.

In my hand no price I bring,
Simply unto Thee I cling.
Weary, I come to Thee for rest,

Naked, come to Thee for dress.
Weak and helpless—this my plea—
I am trusting, Lord, in Thee.

When I soar to world's unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Hide me, oh, my Savior, hide,
Safe into the haven guide.

Lead, oh, lead me safely home—
Thou cans't save, and Thou alone.

THE BLESSING OF A SONG

The golden sun was sinking
In the far off lighted West,
And nature's lowly creatures
Seemed going to their rest.
A gentle breeze was blowing,
Which bore a sweet perfume
Of budding trees and flowers,
That would soon in beauty bloom.

We were strolling in the twilight,
Enjoying the bliss of spring,
When passing a dreary tenement,
Someone began to sing:
"Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high."

The strains rang on most clearly,
Like the pealing of a bell,
Our hearts were filled with sadness
As on our ears the accents fell.
"Hide me, oh, my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;

Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last."

Oh, how this sweet voice thrilled us.
On and on the strains rang clear,
Till our hearts were lifted heavenward
By the breathing of that prayer.
"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.
Leave, oh leave, me not alone;
Still support and comfort me."

Then the voice seemed growing fainter,
But we still could hear her sing,
"Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."
Now the tones seemed glad and joyful,
And the words came smooth and plain,
Bringing comfort, hope and sunshine
To the heart made sad with pain.

Then, just casting a glance upward,
Whence the lovely voice had come,
There we saw a lowly hovel,
Yes, a place someone called home.
Seated by the open window
Sat this singer, sweet and fair;
Cheeks so pale, and eyes of blue,
And a wealth of waving hair.

Now, we longed to know this maiden,
And hear more of her sweet voice;
Tell her of her sacred music—
How it made our hearts rejoice.
So we ventured up the stairway
To this dismal little home;
Softly tapped upon the door,
Then a voice within said "come."

Sitting by the narrow window
Was this singer, singing still;
With a look so bright and sunny
On the face quite so pale and ill.
Thus it was we met this maiden
And beheld her smiling face—
Which told of intense suffering,
That had slightly left its trace.

So it was we learned the story:
How this girl was stricken ill,
Years before, with awful suffering,
And remained an invalid still.
This dear girl lived with her mother,
Just alone in this poor flat;
All their loved ones had departed
Years ago—she told us that.

To that land of wond'rous beauty,
Where all sorrow is unknown;
There to be with Christ our Savior,
They to this lovely land had gone.
Then she said, "I now am waiting
For the coming of the King.
Oh, what blessedness and glory
Will His coming to me bring."

" 'Tho' I'm happy to remain here
Till it be His blessed way
To remove me from this suffering
To the glorious land of Day,
Where the day ne'er shall darken,
And where sorrow is unknown.
Nothing there, save joy and sunshine—
Oh, that is a glorious home."

As she talked of heavenly beauties
And of going to that place.
As we listened to her story,
How our hearts did ache and pain,
While our tears flowed in pity,
Like the falling of the rain.

When we started on our journey,
 We had plucked a sweet bouquet
 Of the loveliest of roses—
 White and crimson, bright and gay.
 This we gave to the dear maiden,
 Then to her we softly told
 That her hymn had set us thinking—
 How our hearts had grown too cold.

In the paths of grief and sin;
 Because we far away had wandered
 I shall ne'er forget the radiance
 Of that joyful, beaming face,
 Then again we started homeward,
 With the promise to return
 Then we were won back to Jesus
 By the singing of that hymn.
 On the 'morrow with more flowers,
 And more of this young life learn.
 * * * * * *

This new morning dawned so brightly,
 So we started on our way,
 To the home of the dear invalid,
 For awhile with her to stay.
 Then again we climbed the stairway,
 Till we reached the second floor;
 There we saw black crepe floating
 Softly from the singer's door.

Thus we learned from the sad mother,
How she peacefully passed away,
Very soon after our departure,
To the glorious land of day,
Where all sorrow is forgotten,
And where shadows never come—
There to be with her loved ones—
Christ, our Savior, and His own.

FEAR THOU NOT

Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy guide.—Isa. 41:10.

Fear thou not, for I am with thee;
Be not dismayed, I am thy guide;
Only trust me, I'll uphold thee,
In thy heart I will abide.

Does thy way seem dark and dreary,
And thy cross too hard to bear?
Why not listen to my pleading?
Cast on me thine every care.

All afflictions I am sending
Are to test thee in my love,
And to bring thee near thy Savior—
Fit thee for the home above.

Hear my promise, I'll uphold thee,
Strengthen thee when thou art weak.
Thro' death's valley safely guide thee,
And will keep thy trembling feet.

Chorus:—

Lo, I'm with thee, even always.
Tho' thy path be dark as night,
I will lead thee and protect thee,
Trust in Me and all is right.

POEMS FROM THE HEART

MY GUIDE TODAY

Many trials here I meet,
Many thorns to pierce my feet,
 In the path I tread along life's way,
So I need a friend that's true,
Who will guide the journey through;
 And I'm trusting Jesus as my guide today.

Chorus:—

Oh, I'm trusting Jesus as my guide today;
He will lead and guide me all the way.
He will hold my trembling hand,
When I reach the narrow strand.
Oh, I'm trusting Jesus as my guide today.

To the careworn and oppressed
He has promised rest, sweet rest;
 And I'll trust Him, ever trust Him, come what may.
When the way is dark and drear,
And I feel the tempter near,
 I just look to Jesus, for He knows the way.

Oh, what blessed joy He gives,
Since within my heart He lives,
 And I tell Him all the yearnings of my soul.
Oh, He understands it all—
Hears my very feeble call—
 And I'm trusting Him to all my life control.

LEAVING THE OLD CAMP GROUND

We're leaving tonight the old camp ground—
Let's sing a song of cheer—
A song of home our hearts are glad,
Thinking of our loved ones dear.

Many are the hearts that are happy tonight,
Waiting for the boys to come;
Many are the hearts joyful and light—
The victory has been won.

We've been talking tonight on the old camp ground,
Of sad days gone by;
Of the brave who fell on the battlefield,
And have said their last "good bye."

Many are the hearts that are aching tonight,
And cannot cease to yearn;
'Tho' they watch and wait at the open door,
There are those who can't return.

The fighting has ceased on the old camp ground,
We've been loyal and true
To this land of our dear U. S. A.
The Red, the White, the Blue.

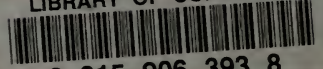
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